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COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,

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No. 1.

TITO MELEMA, AS A STUDY OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY H. F. GREENE, '80, OF MD.

Writers of historical fiction have always adopted one of two methods, according as their primary object is to delineate the individual, or the age. The authors of the one class first study human nature such as they see about them, and then re-produce it with the surroundings of another time. Those of the other endeavor first to become thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the period which they wish to represent, and afterwards to embody it in individual creations. Scott selected the first of these methods; the author of *Romola* has chosen the second.

There is the same difference between the *Waverley Novels* and *Romola*, as there is between two well-known kinds of poetry; in one of which the poet simply pictures what he feels, while in the other he develops an idea. Only in the case of the historical romance where the idea exists, it is not a moral or philosophical truth, but a perfect realization of life as it was in some portion

of the past, a realization not to be defined in words, but which can find expression in the creative faculty alone. As Shelley's vivid conception of the present sufferings and the future glory of humanity, gave birth to the noble lyric, "Prometheus Unbound," so has a mental picture of the glory and wickedness of the Italian Renaissance found expression in the prose poem, *Romola*.

Yet we must not suppose that the personages of this work are mere bloodless abstractions, or allegorical representations of the virtues and vices of the past, as so many of Shelley's creations are. On the contrary, they have real human souls, capable of loving, hating, sinning, and, above all, of a progressive moral life. One of the strongest proofs of the author's genius is her power of forming out of the dry clay of historic fact, a series of images, which appear to us not as images, but as living men and women.

The story is evidently written for the development of one central fact in the history of the Renaissance, the fact of the strange one-sidedness of the period in the cultivation of intellect to the exclusion of the moral faculty. This fact is embodied in Tito Melema, who is the centre of interest in the plot, and may even be called the hero, in the same sense in which Satan is often called the hero of the "Paradise Lost." But in one respect he differs from most other heroes, whether of prose or poetry, for he has no character fixed for him at the beginning of the book, and continuing unchanged to the end; but he begins with a disposition which seems largely devoid of positive traits, but which is gradually colored by the influence of his surroundings. At his first appearing on the stage of Florentine life, his moral nature is like a sheet of white paper, which the contamination of hidden crime, the malarial influences of the Italian political atmosphere, will gradually stain with many a sombre hue. There are thus combined in one portraiture three distinct characters; the first, that of the youth found asleep on that bright spring morning by Brati Ferravachi; the second, that of the fortunate scholar, who, reveling in all the bright and varied en-

joyment of a singularly delightful life, is suddenly brought face to face with a disagreeable duty, whose performance for a while he hesitates over, and finally abandons. The third is that of the crafty politician, no longer a waverer, but strong in wickedness, betraying alike friend and foe, only to perish finally in the terrible despair of the death scene on the banks of the Arno.

When he first comes before us, he combines with a powerful intellect, a conscience which is not perverted or ignorant, but is simply destitute of feeling. He is not uninformed concerning the distinction between good and evil, for, in the words of the author, "he had been educated in controversies concerning the highest good, which had after all, he considered, left it a matter of taste." But, on the other hand, "he had not that dread of the Divine Nemesis—he did not feel 'that terror of the unseen which is so far above mere sensual cowardice, that it annihilates that cowardice.'" If a moral monition arose to his mind, it was at once intellectually recognized, and if it was associated with the idea of pain following neglect of it, he would at once heed its behests; but he does not seem to have had any organ capable of grasping the truth, that right and wrong actions are to be followed, or avoided, for their own merits. Thus we have in him an example of the one-sided development of the age: he has a mind of the highest order, sensibilities exquisitely keen—but no moral faculty.

In one of the first scenes through which he passes, after his arrival in Florence, this disposition appears strongly marked. Standing before the famous gates designed by Lorenzo Ghiberti, he is thrilled with an admiration for the exquisite art there displayed—an admiration which he thus expresses: "But what is this bronze door, rough with imagery? Those women's figures seem moulded in a different spirit from those starved and staring saints I spoke of; these heads in high relief speak of a human mind within them, instead of looking like an index to perpetual spasms and colic." Here is at once the love of art, and the hatred of asceticism, which represent the mental and moral sides

of his nature. His mind is that of the Hellene, who strives after the symmetrical development of every power which can add to enjoyment, or to the appreciation of all that is beautiful in the world, either of matter, or of life. The spirit of ascetic self-denial and world-renunciation is as far removed from this cast of mind as the east is from the west. It appeals not to the Hellenic element in man's nature, the desire for life and beauty, but to the Hebraic, the longing for personal righteousness. Though it was the leading manifestation of spiritual life in his age, Tito could have no sympathy, either with the suffering from which it sprung, or with the mystic ardor, the intense religious enthusiasm, which kept it alive. It was only associated in his mind with the disgusting images of physical pain. In this Tito is a genuine child of the Renaissance. For it was a time when men awoke, as if from a long trance of barbarism and misery, to gaze upon the unclouded dawn of another civilization. Life was then overflowing with an exuberance of pleasure. Every object was full of a beauty and significance hitherto unknown or unfelt, and now, for the first time, disclosed for the admiration of artists and poets. The past seemed like a nightmare; the only proper work for a man was to cast off his old ideals of self-renunciation and self-mortification, to cultivate every power of enjoyment, and to live for the present. And with this impetuous flinging aside of old faiths, this eager grasping of present happiness, there went a degree of moral turpitude, such as it would be hard to parallel outside of the Roman decadence. The guiding idea of the time was well expressed in those few lines of Lorenzo de' Medici:—

"Beauteous is life in blossom,
And it fleeteth—fleeteth ever,
Whoso would be joyful—let him,
There's no surety for the morrow."

To wander through life, as through a garden of exotics, bewildered by the multitude of delicious odors and lovely sights—such was Lorenzo's ideal. It was also Melema's, and is, in fact,

the key to his whole nature. He reflects his time and country, as the lake reflects the landscape on its edge. And just as the lake reflects all its bank, the stagnant marsh, as well as the mountain height, just so does Tito combine the grandeur of the Italian Renaissance with its meanness, the powerful brain, and the childish immorality. We can best see how perfectly Tito reflects his age, when we compare him with one of the characters of the other school of historical novelists, Scott's "Brian de Bois Guilbert." Except his knightly armor, and the fact that he carries a lance unto battle, there is nothing about Brian not equally befitting a personage of the eighteenth century instead of the twelfth. Tito could not exist in the moral atmosphere of our age for a day. While the most marked feature of the twelfth century was a singular combination of coarse licentiousness and fanatical superstition, Brian is neither coarse nor fanatic; he lives a life of cultured seeking after pleasure, and dies from the effect of a complicated play of emotions, such as no semi-civilized man ever could have experienced. Tito is just such a hardened, reckless, and faithless pagan, as were thousands of the compatriots of Lorenzo; his life is one which many a Florentine might have lived, and his death is the result of one of those outbreaks of popular madness, with which every page of cotemporaneous history is filled. Both Brian and Tito are powerful creations, but in the character and life of Tito every trait fits in with his surroundings, as it would in a well-arranged painting, while Brian might as well have stood in Rob Roy, or the Antiquary, as where he did. These two personages perfectly represent the difference between the writers who make the age for their characters, and those who take their characters from the age.

The second stage in the life of Tito begins when he first receives Fra Lacos' message, and continues until Baldassan appears. The events of that period modify his character slowly and imperceptibly, but very steadily. When there is brought before him the alternative of inconveniencing himself, or of inflicting untold misery on his foster-father, he at first shrinks back instinct-

ively from the latter course. But it is only the shrinking of emotion, not that of conscience, and mere gentleness of heart never yet kept anyone from pleasant wrong doing. He comforts himself with an assurance of his father's death, and when he finds that that will not support him, after a moment's pause, he deliberately enters on the downward path.

At the commencement of the third stage, he has already formed a habit of preferring the crooked path to the straight, and this habit steadily grows upon him, until it culminates in his treachery towards the Medicean nobles. His faults are now so ground into his innermost being, that even his old-time aversion to the infliction of suffering has disappeared. The cool treachery which he displayed toward Savonarola, as it showed the last spark of goodness in him to be extinct, was a fit prelude to his shameful end.

The most striking parallelism between Tito's own character, and that of the age in which he lived, is in their development. As in his earlier individuality he embodies the time of Lorenzo de' Medici, so the traits which were formed in him later represent the peculiar features of a darker period of moral and intellectual decay. But it must be noticed that he only represents one half of the Renaissance. Two opposite classes of defects tainted alike the literary, social, and political organization of that period. On the one hand, there was gross sensuality—the recoil of the soul from the asceticism of the middle ages; on the other, there was the treachery and corruption, which had sprung from the decay of the old civilization, like foul gases from a graveyard. Tito has only the deceitful selfishness; his nature is both too cold, and too polished, to crave gross indulgence. But the selfishness and deceit came from the same source as the sensuality: they were the product of a craving after what is pleasurable—neglect in the performance of disagreeable duty, which is sure in the end to bring ruin wherever it exists. The same lesson reaches us, alike from the grave of Melema, and from the ruins of Italian liberty, neither a nation,

nor an individual, can live only for the enjoyment of the present, without sowing the seeds of a crop whose ripening will bring ruin and death.

A DEATH INANIMATE.

Nought but a dune by the purple sea,
Upheaved by the fitful tide,
Yesterday peaked, but domed to-day
And rounded as yon hill-side—
A treasure-chamber of shifting sands
Gathered to be dispersed,
Fragments of rock from distant isles,
And sea-shells deep immersed.

Wandering near on an autumn eve,
Enraptured my eyes perceived
The ocean aglow with a sunset tint,
By billowy hues relieved;
Above in the azure a crimsoned cloud
O'ershadowed the tossing deep;
And landward the scent of the brine was borne
By Zephyrus' gentle sweep.

A glittering ray from the setting sun,
Lighting the sand-dune's crest,
Each separate granule of polished stone
In radiant splendor dressed,
Till over the mound a lustre spread,
And garnished the bleak incline
With statelier robes and a fairer guise
Than clad the unwearying brine.

I wandered afar, and came again
When twilight had vanquished day;
The flush had departed from sea and sky,
The gold from the hillock gray;
No sound but the breakers' ceaseless plunge—
The planet of night was queen,
And ruled the hour with a spectral sway,
The waves with a lurid sheen.

Stolid and changeless the broad dune stood,
Strong in its earthen might;
The moon through a vaporous veil looked down,
And tipped it with silver light.
Then bright before ocean and beach and clouds
In mellow effulgence decked,
The glittering crest of the low-raised mound
Shone, clear as a gem unspecked.

The wind on the morrow blew piercing cold,
The breakers were hoar with foam,
A curtain of fog in dull array
Draped the celestial dome;
Huge torrent tongues of the angered main
Came lapping the sand-bank's side,
And laid at its feet the spoils it bore
From many an ocean's bride.

By day and by night, through a triple change,
The winds, with malignant haste,
Athwart the face of the gray concave
The purple-black storm-clouds chased;
They lifted in whirls the powerless sand
And swept it adown the track;
Curling the spray from the billow's peak,
They tauntingly hurled it back.

They lessened the dune from hour to hour,
Dispersing it up and down—
No trace remained where it once had stood,
Nought but a waste of brown.
God formed it to glow for a little time,
A mote in His wondrous plan,
And when its work on the earth was done,
It ceased as it began.

THE VISION OF AL HASSAN.

Al Hassan, the son of Abdallah, had journeyed during all the long tropical day, guiding the rich caravan of his father through the pathless desert. As the hot sun sank below the glimmering

sands, the sight of the living verdure, and the murmur of the cool waters of the long-looked-for oasis, caused him to urge on the lagging footsteps of the heavy-laden beasts. When he had suffered the patient camels to quench their long-sustained thirst in the clear stream, and had partaken of his simple evening meal, he threw himself upon the ground in the delightful enjoyment of the rest which succeeds the labors of man.

While he mused upon the wise teachings of the venerable Magi, pondering deeply the vicissitudes of man's existence, the murmur of the fountain gradually ceased, the rustling of the broad palm leaves was stilled, and a new and strange scene burst upon his astonished gaze. Before him, in the midst of a sea of infinite extent, lay a beautiful island. Upon one side of this island the view was unobstructed, being kept so by the efforts of an aged and venerable man, in whom the wondering Al Hassan recognized the Sage of History. Upon the other side arose an impenetrable veil of mist, wholly excluding the inhabitants of the island from a view of the region beyond.

As the youth gazed upon the scene, this veil tremulously parted, revealing a country of surpassing beauty, and unlimited extent. Through it flowed majestic rivers, nourishing flowers of rarest beauty, and giving life to lofty trees whose leaves were for the healing of all nations. The whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was one broad expanse of meadows, hills and vales, bathed in a flood of light of ineffable glory. In the midst of it arose stately palaces, of a nature and beauty unknown to the sons of men, the inhabitants of which were exceeding fair to look upon. Al Hassan, looking with wonder and delight upon this country, transcending, in beauty and grandeur, the most gorgeous landscapes of the Orient, perceived, too, that it excelled the island in many other respects beside those of extent and magnificence. The peaceful quiet and calmness of the former were wanting in the latter, from which there continually ascended groans, curses, and sighs mingled with the noise of revelry and mirth. He perceived, too, that the time during which the in-

habitants of the island remained upon it was but short, that their lives passed and ended as a dream in the night. The vigorous youth seemed transformed in an instant to the decrepit old man, tottering upon the verge of the dark shadow which brooded over the boundary of the two countries, while the dwellers in the fair land that lay beyond were immortal, growing no older with the flight of years. Nevertheless it was from the island that the inhabitants of the other world had come, for some of those who entered the dividing darkness from the hither side, might be seen emerging safely beyond, and joining those dwelling there. Moreover, either on account of some difference in the climate and nature of the two countries, or from some other cause of which he was ignorant, no one reached the neighboring kingdom who had not fitted himself for it during his stay upon the island. Al Hassan, having by this time perceived that the island was not worthy to be compared to the adjacent country in any respect, began thus to commune with himself: "What," said he, "must be the wisdom and beneficence of that Being who has granted to the children of men the privilege of possessing this delightful land, allotting them ample time to prepare themselves for their future residence there, yet not so long as to cause them to despair of ever attaining to it! How earnest and untiring must be the efforts of all men to acquire this fitness, how eager for the moment when their probation shall have ceased, and this, their life work, be consummated!" Great was the astonishment of the son of Abdallah, at perceiving the small number of those so engaged. A vast and motley throng was moving swiftly toward the shadowy mist, like the march of a great army, whose front ranks disappearing in the darkness, were continually replaced by fresh accessions from the rear. Amid this commingled multitude might be seen a few clad in complete armor, who marched steadily toward the country before them, paying no heed to those things in which the others were absorbed. But by far the greater number, heedless of the example set by these, were in eager pursuit of numberless dark

phantoms which were flitting lightly before them. Some were following hard upon a shadowy form called Wealth, who flung rich gifts to a few of the throng so fortunate as to be near him. As often as his hands were emptied they were refilled by a crowd of cowering slaves, starving men, and sad-faced women and children. Many were vainly chasing a flying shape named Fame, in the pursuit of which they frequently trampled under foot and destroyed those competing with them in the race. And yet, marvelous to relate, the only reward these obtained for their arduous labors was the enrollment of their names in the book which he had before observed in the hands of the Sage of History. In addition to all these there appeared in the midst of the throng many strange and hideous shapes called Revenge, Hatred, Murder and the like. These, bravely beaten off when they attacked the armor-clad soldiers, were received by many as bosom companions, only to prove their destruction in the end. Long and thoughtfully did Al Hassan, the son of Abdallah, gaze upon the scene before him, until it slowly faded from his view. The murmur of the stream again stole upon his senses, and, looking up, he beheld the silvery moon floating high in the heavens, while the great, quiet desert lay below it like a vast, motionless sea. The devout youth, turning his face toward the sacred Keblah, with a reverent "Allah is great" upon his lips, was soon buried in deep and refreshing slumber. H.

THE POETRY OF LONGFELLOW.

The publication of Irving's "Sketch Book," Cooper's "Spy" and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" marked an era in American literature. It was the dawning of that day for which an expectant nation had long been waiting, a beginning rich in the promise of what our literature was to become in the course of half a century. Romance and poetry have ever been the first manifestations of a literary spirit in a nation, and America has proved no exception

to the rule. In the childhood of our literature, Dana, Percival, Halleck, Willis and Bryant were the leading poets of the day, but, as the years passed by, it became evident that there was room for another—for one who had a supreme reverence for poetry and its mission, who could discern in the history, the traditions and the legends of other lands much wherewith our literature might be enriched; for one with whom all things were poetic, and who could realize that our poetic literature might be lifted into a more generous universality without impairing in the least its national character. Such a one was Longfellow. It is not our purpose to play the critic. We have not space to make a minute and thorough examination of Longfellow's many poems, and must content ourselves, while examining the characteristics of his poetry, and searching for those elements of power which have won him such laurels in the field of letters, with an attempt at comprehending the poet and his life-work. We must pass by that unique poem "Hiawatha," although there is a fascination in the wild beauty of Indian legends; we must pass by "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," modeled on those tales of him who has been styled the father of English song; we must pass by "The Spanish Student," "Christus," "The New England Tragedies," and "The Golden Legend," and, in short, would base this essay upon the consideration of some poems which mark the differing stages of his poetic development, and upon those facts which we have derived from a more general study of his poetry. Longfellow himself has said: "The true poet is a friendly man. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy, all are objects of feeling and of song. It is one of the high attributes of the poetic mind to feel a sympathy with nature, both in the material world and in the soul of man. As to the pure all things are pure, so to the poetic mind all things are poetical." His life-character and the wide range of subjects treated in his poems form apt illustrations of the truth of his statement. To him "all things are objects of feeling and of song." He found his themes in the weird sagas

of the Norsemen, in the quaint romances of Germany, and in the romantic tales that haunt the castled hills of haughty Spain. The wild traditions of an untamed race become poems in his hands. He finds a poem in a smith at his forge, and, in "Christus," dares to tell in verse the old, old story. His poems prove that "to a poetic mind all things are poetical." Bryant appears among our poets as nature's best-beloved interpreter, one who was quick in responding to her influences, and who saw clearly and felt deeply the importance of those truths which she alone can teach. In Longfellow's poems we do not find this element so clearly marked, and yet he has a love for nature, and it is manifest throughout his poetry. In "Sunrise on the Hills" he speaks of nature as a physician and teacher, saying :

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget.
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills."

In the prelude to the "Voices of the Night," he pictures his enjoyment of nature as follows :

"Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long-drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.
Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee
With one continuous sound."

But soon after we hear him saying :

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write !
Yes, into Life's deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
Be these henceforth thy theme."

And we note that when, with keener vision and maturing powers, he obtained a deeper insight into life, when that earnest questioning of its meaning and mystery, which father Time brings to all, arose, then his poems take a deeper, more thoughtful tone, and we find the "Psalm of Life," with its high lessons, and "The Light of the Stars" telling us how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong. The poems of his riper years are but the fulfillment of the promise of his earlier days. "Evangeline" has become a classic. In it the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of life stand out in marked antithesis. The spirited descriptions of natural scenery make up the shifting background in which the characters stand mirrored. The poem opens in a foreign land. The quaint buildings, the costumes, the ways and manners of the people, all are new and strange. We are in a Catholic land, where the parish priest scatters his blessings upon his faithful flock, and grants absolution to the simple-minded farmers. We are in a land of peace and plenty, in Acadie, home of the happy. But soon there comes a change, and as we contemplate that vivid scene in the church, when the King's command is announced, and the one at the embarkation, our breasts heave with indignation at the foul and cruel wrong that Christian England committed on this unoffending people. Would that the poet had shown more clearly the great injustice and the baseness of such a deed! Again the scenes change, and we have pictures of western scenery, of the mighty rivers down which Evangeline floated, and the great plains over which she wandered in her long search. In this poem the descriptions are so vividly drawn that an artist might reproduce them on the canvas. They charm us as we read, and their imprint lingers long in memory. Though we admire the clearly-drawn descriptions, yet it is the story of that lone wanderer's sad life, with its deep and tender pathos, that wins our hearts. It bids us mark the strength of woman's devotion, and quickens into life a deep emotion of heart-felt sympathy. In "Enoch Arden," Tennyson has touched our feelings, but more profound and broader far are

the emotions which "Evangeline" awakens. Its pathos reaches our inmost soul. At its touch the heart of stone yields, and the gentle streams of sympathy with such affliction, and sorrow for such woe, come flowing forth, bringing healing to the heart in which they find their source. If "Evangeline" is not Longfellow's greatest, it is his most popular poem. It has the completeness of an epic. It is a finished work of art. As a lily, with which the sun and rain and breezes of the spring-time have all dealt gently, marks the period of its maturity by unfolding the exquisite beauty of its dainty petals; so the charm and beauty of that pathetic tale, "Evangeline," mark the full maturity of Longfellow's powers, the noon-tide of his poetical development. His later poems bear the marks of the master's hand. They are known and read by all lovers of true poetry, but we do not find in them any more complete revelation of his poetic power than "Evangeline" affords. Longfellow has spent his entire life and all his energies in the congenial walks of literature. As a ship riding at anchor in some land-locked bay is removed from the storm and the tempest of the ocean beyond, so in the retirement of a professor's study, far from the noise and bustle of the world, he has found that quiet and repose which is so essential to the production of those works of literary art, which are to hold a permanent place in the literature of the world. In his poetry there has been a steady, regular poetic development. There is nothing premature or unnatural about it; no hot-house forcing and consequent spindling growth. It is a development that is readily seen in his poems. You can trace it from "The Burial of the Minnesink" to "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," to the time when—his reputation made and fame secured—an eager public stand anxiously waiting for anything coming from his hands. Among his "Voices of the Night" there may be poems as finished as anything that he has since written, but we deem them the exceptions that prove the rule. Some of his poems are transcripts of his life. In the death of his wife he met a crushing blow. His heart was sorely wounded by the great affliction, and

yet his noble nature came out from the trial mellowed and refined, and he gave to the world as the children of his sorrow "The Reaper and the Flowers" and "The Footsteps of Angels," those tender, touching poems which have brought comfort and consolation to many sorrowing hearts. In "The Footsteps of Angels," how exquisite is that reference to his wife, whom death had taken from him.

"And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air."

A child was born to him, and the wife of his friend Lowell died on the same night. This circumstance furnished the occasion of the "Two Angels," and these examples show us how his poems come welling up from the depths of his own experience. Longfellow weaves into his writings those ideas and principles, which constitute the warp and woof of a truly noble life. He never wrote an amorous poem. A chaste purity pervades all his writings. The most thoughtless reader is struck by this characteristic. His poems are as pure as the ice-crystals sparkling in the winter's sun; not purer is the blush that mantles the cheek of pure maidenhood. His poems breathe a high moral purpose. Free are they from any implied suggestion of evil, which we so

often find in poetry, robed in fair garments, yet casting a breath of sin within the heart, to tarnish the priceless gold of purity, to fan the flame of evil, and to nourish the noxious weeds which grow so readily therein. His poems do not pander to popular vices, nor wink at popular sins. They were written to elevate and purify, not to debase and corrupt, and they tell of a soul unswerving in its devotion to truth, goodness, and a truly great and noble life; of a soul noble in the strength of its lofty purposes and god-like aspirations; of a soul clothing itself in purity as with a garment. In "Resignation" we find sentiment akin to that which, in Gray's "Elegy," has taken such hold upon our hearts. This same sentiment, in another aspect, we see in that apostrophe to "The Ship of State."

"Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

Here we have the patriotic, as in "Resignation" the religious side of his sentiment. There is an artistic finish, a full-rounded completeness in his poems that bespeaks the master. It is needless to cite examples. You mark it in "Evangeline." "Christus" tells the story of the cross so clearly that it might waken to a life of deathless hope that soul which sin had wrapp'd in the gloom of an almost hopeless death. "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are model ballads. In short, all his poems evince the same conscientious work. They are the fruits of a nature so truly poetic that in its presence all things become poetical. Longfellow's influence on our literature can hardly be too highly estimated. For years he has been first among American poets. His poems have been translated into nearly every language in Europe. Not only is he esteemed and honored at home, but, in England, he is held in equal honor with the Laureate, and his poems are to foreigners a type of all that is best in our literature. Searching the wisdom of the past

for truths which have endured the tests of ages, taking from the present whatever good it may contain, gathering ores, rich in their hidden treasures, from the deep mines of foreign thought, fusing these materials in the crucible of his mind, and refining and purifying them from all their dross, by the fierce fires of his imperial intellect; then, stamping them with the imprint of his own individuality, he sends forth to the world his poems, with which he has added length, and breadth, and strength, and beauty to our literature, and by which he has won a deathless fame. As we think of the progress that our literature has made, during the last sixty years, we feel that Americans may well be proud of the illustrious men who have appeared among their authors; of Cooper and his tales, so full of life and action; of Halleck and his spirited verse; of the scholarly, accomplished Prescott, and the late-lamented Motley; of the impassioned lyrics of Whittier, and the chaste, meditative, thoughtful strains of Bryant; of Hawthorne, the pages of whose poetic prose, surprising us by their serious thoughtfulness, attracting us by their weird air of mystery, and winning us by their surpassing grace and beauty, are studded with rich pearls drawn from the hidden depths of thought, are manifestations of the truth as wreathed in beauty; of Irving, best-beloved of our authors, who, wedding the clear simplicity of Addison and the unstudied grace of Goldsmith, brought us into closer friendship with the mother-country, and rendered our nation beloved and honored abroad; in short, of all those authors who have added lustre and renown to American letters, full in the front rank of whom must ever appear our honored poet, Henry W. Longfellow.

A COLLEGIATE "SMIKE."

It was my fortune to be acquainted with a representative of that much-abused and totally-misunderstood class of male humanity who, for certain reasons best known to themselves,

have attempted a passage through life with one sound head, and two strong arms free from the silver chains of domestic bliss, or the heavier bonds of domestic drudgery. To this species of the human family society has given a distinctive name, and called it Bachelor.

In this glorious army of men who will not make martyrs of themselves, my friend had become enrolled. He was a kind-hearted old fellow, after a fashion peculiar to himself, and to one who never disagreed with any of his theories, and ever treated him with an unvarying degree of respect, a pleasant, genial companion. In short, the "Captain," as the gentleman loungers at Flipp's grocery store, post-office and ale-house, called him, was a man with whom you could pass many an entertaining hour.

Walking up the long, straggling country street one evening, I stopped at the door of his cosy, little old-fashioned house, and knocked.

After the conventional salutations, remarks on the weather, and several topics of general conversation had been disposed of, the Captain started out on a rather more personal line of discourse, as follows: "So you've taken a little trip up from the city, during Christmas holidays, eh?" Then continuing a little sadly, "Well, I used to have Christmas vacations, too, at one stage of my useful existence." "Ah! when you were at school," I remarked, expecting to hear some edifying tale of by-gone experience in the neighboring high school. "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "school on rather an extended scale. It was during my College days. You are probably surprised to learn the fact that I am an alumnus, but such is actually the case. You behold a graduate of that noble institution, the College of ———. No doubt, to one *fresh*," and he slowly winked his right eye, "from the classic walks, I do appear slightly 'out of joint,' but it was otherwise once. I've been knocked about somewhat, and have seen much of life in my day. As for mere knowledge, why, you don't imagine a man's fool enough to remember all he

learns at College. Here," he said, going to a cupboard, and bringing forth an old cigar box, "here are the photographs of the men I once called classmates. Shuffle them over, and express an opinion as to their characters."

After several unsuccessful attempts at reading the true nature of the faces before me, I began to ask the old man questions concerning this or that picture which happened to arouse my curiosity. Finally a face appeared which at once attracted my attention. There was nothing at all noticeable in the features, and yet their very commonplaceness seemed to be impressive. It was a tired, and yet patient, expression which displayed itself about the weak mouth, lighting up the small, insignificant face with a look of almost childlike gentleness.

But the eyes seemed to me the strangest, saddest portion of the countenance. They were dull, heavy, like burned-out coals. No lively humor, no hope, no purpose, was expressed by their blank, stolid gaze. When I asked my friend whom this represented, a look of sadness passed over his usually jovial physiognomy, as he exclaimed, "Poor old Sudderds! He was one of the weakest characters I ever met. In first year, he was, without exception, the most verdant member of our class, and this greenness seemed to be chronic. He never escaped from its attacks. That fellow came up to College, one of the tenderest-hearted boys you can imagine, and yet the treatment he received during the four years would have broken the spirit of a proctor. I never could understand why so many persecutions were practiced upon one who, during the entire course, offered no resistance, either by word or action. And further than this, Sudderds was always good natured. Helped quite a number of men through examinations, and, in the most docile manner, would even attempt the performance of any act, which his bitterest tormentors might require. None of us knew where he came from, or how he lived. For, although evidently of scanty means, he never appeared to be in circumstances of actual want. His name was in our catalogue as a resident of a small country

village. But another student, from the same place, said that he had never seen him at B——, and had never heard of his having been there.

"Sudderds was avoided by all the class, for we felt a certain degree of shame in being seen with such a poorly esteemed individual. Many a time, during a game of foot-ball, I have seen him among the spectators, walking up rather timidly to a classmate, and propounding some question. The lips of the man so interrogated would appear to move slightly, and while his eyes seemed to be investigating the course of events along the distant horizon, he would gradually slip away into the crowd. Sudderds never seemed to resent such a cold cut. Apparently, he accepted the action as a matter of course. Such a man was constantly placing himself in a ridiculous light, and among a College of lively, strong students, he received no mercy. There was always some joke going the rounds about 'Sally' Sudderds, and in Senior year he was not only the butt of our class, but even furnished amusement for the three lower. His character was entirely lacking in that quality which we used to call 'snap,' and which one sometimes hears referred to as *combaticeness*.

"He seemed to accept every opposition as an insurmountable fate, and yielded at once to its power. With no friends, with little money, the butt of our entire College, I always considered 'Sally' Sudderds the most unfortunate man in our class.

"You can imagine with how much tenderness the Presentation Orator, at Commencement, treated a subject so open to his sarcastic shafts.

"After all our exercises were finished, the last thing seen of Sudderds was his slight, stooping figure shambling up towards the stage, with an old, worn-out valise in one hand, and a few torn books under his arm. I wondered what fate the man would meet in the great world into which he had already stepped.

"Three years later, a few of our class assembled together in the old College town, and after the customary supper, some one

produced an old roll and commenced reading off the names so familiar and so suggestive of past experience. Remarks were made as to the work and condition of many men who were absent; some already dead. When the name of 'Sudderds' was called a roar of laughter rose from all sides, and a general demand was made for information respecting 'Sally.' A tall, dark-faced, quiet man, who had always rather shunned our society during College days, and yet for whom we felt a respect, mingled with a certain shade of dislike, was standing near the lower end of the table. In answer to our cry, he replied, in his low, dispassionate voice, 'Sudderds failed to obtain any work after leaving College; became despondent, I hear, and put an end to his life, about one year ago.'

"We had all enjoyed a pleasant evening, but our fun ceased suddenly. Possibly there was a weight upon the conscience of each man which he would not acknowledge to another.

"For myself, I felt that if our dead classmate had received even the smallest amount of friendly encouragement, while in College, his fate might have been different. But, after all, he never could have been a successful man."

The old gentleman ceased speaking, and I soon took my departure. As I walked along, beneath the clear, winter sky, my own conscience was not exactly comfortable. For we had strange, eccentric characters, even in our College, and, perhaps, I had been a little thoughtless, sometimes.

R. S. S.

FROM GUNNAR TO FALCONBERG.

Our literature is not legendary; our fables, myths and knights' tales are not always native born; and when we introduce them we are too often compelled to go abroad. When "Gunnar" first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, five years ago, we thought that another spirit had entered our literature, and the old Norse romance, deeply penetrated with the life of the Norwegian, carried

us back to those times of which Hans Andersen tells us and so few Americans have dared to write.

The allegory at the first of the romance is not American. The deeper we go into the work the more is our mind disabused of the idea that we are catching the spirit of those old legends, the stories of necken, hulder and trolds, and weaving them into our fiction. On the other hand, we find the author to be one whose language being too narrow for his thoughts, came to our country to conquer our tongue and "make it so perfectly his own that he could mould and bend it at his will," and let the pent-up Norwegian spirit speak. The spirit did speak, and he gave us a work not altogether free from errors, yet in many respects a wonderful masterpiece; and we felt that the mantle of Hawthorne or Irving had fallen upon his shoulders.

"Gunnar" is a prose idyl, simple in style and never artificial. It is full of beautiful descriptions, almost lifting one from off the earth. Instead of this barren sand bank, without glen or towering mountain to enhance the view, it transports us to a fairy land, and tells of the Norwegian mountains, the people, their life, their customs and beliefs. With such clearness does he describe each scene that you feel the beauty of the land, and, as one has said, can almost catch the perfume from the waving pine. In it we have Norse literature unencumbered with the translator's ideas, to an extent anglicized. Reared in that grand old country where nature, deified by old and young, sits enthroned, Boyesen, with that poetic power which paints with equal beauty rill and towering mountain, creates from the richness of his imagination pictures vieing with fairy realms. The peculiarity and power of these pictures are shown when the vision of Gunnar is described while he sits by the lake "wonderfully cool and clear." "There was not a cloud to be seen; the air was a great nothing, and the longer he gazed the weaker he appeared to himself, as if he were losing himself in the clearness of the air; the air grew stronger and stronger; it began to gloat and move before his eyes, until at last an infinite number of small, colorless

disks came softly swimming past him and filled the space far and near. Then by degrees they assumed a faint violet or blue color, faded and again grew brighter. A flash of light from nowhere and everywhere leaped through the air, trembled, glittered and vanished, and the air itself vanished too. Again it was as nothing. He shut his eyes. How strange! Then it was as if something spoke—without sound, yet distinctly and audibly; without word, yet full of hidden meaning. The silence seemed to be the symphony of an infinite number of infinitely small voices, too small to be called sounds." 'Twas the boy's vision of the grandmother's tales. The princess appeared before him, Necken chanted the song and with it Hulder mingled her voice. That boy's vision is similar to what the author himself experiences. Both nurtured in that romantic land, their ears were always tinkling with the sound of elfin voices, vivified by the old dame's tales in the Norse hut. Is it strange that in his works he should weave these fancies? Strange! No, it is but the heart of the man speaking. He becomes the old dame, and we, the children, gathering around, listen to his tales. Touchingly he tells each incident, mingling among the thoughts, so noble and pure, a peculiar grace with a striking simplicity. His characters are life-like; manly, not puerile; upright, not sensational, throughout corresponding with his descriptions in that a dewy freshness of originality pervades all. When, after the "skee race," in which Gunnar comes off victor, they assemble to celebrate the event with a dance, we have an insight into Norse life and customs, and a beautiful echo song, which well exhibit these qualities. Throughout the work we see these touches of art, folk-lore and mountain scenery so mingling that if pictures are not beheld and we are not aroused, it is the fault of the eye and the hardness of the heart. In him nature has an interpreter, art a devotee, and the human heart a revealer. He holds the sesame flower, and at its touch vast caverns of hidden beauty come to light.

But it is the delicate, tiny jewels that are valued and expose

the skill of the lapidary. In the "Tales from Two Hemispheres," Boyeson shows progress both in mastering our language and developing his style. In them Saga-literature is revealed, and the genius, of which "Gunnar" was a foregleam, becomes more prominent. The spirits of the two countries, their customs and beliefs, beautifully blend. At one time he follows Hawthorne, at another Bjornson. They are prose poetry. Some have a vein of humor, yet all, if we except "The Scientific Vagabond," are sad; the *denouement* is tragical, and just as the characters are reaching forth to grasp the prize, and a happy fruition of their hopes is about to be realized, death takes them away, or some fiend steps in between them and the goal. These tales are good character sketches—emigrants' experiences viewed not by a mere looker-on, but by one who has participated in their troubles and trials. In this field he stands alone in our literature. With that distinctness which more and more characterizes his works, he opens his heart and becomes a moral adviser, condemning the base and extolling the persevering. More successful in moulding and bending our language, he seems like "one who has the conception of what he wants to say, but not yet the full command of the means." He still paints, having that sixth and finer sense which we call the æsthetic. A devotee to music, his "coloring fancy" knows no bounds when speaking of the masters, as of "those small red-covered volumes of Chopin where the rich melodies lie peacefully folded up, like strange exotic flowers in an herbarium."

At last we reach his most American work—"Falconberg." Now the tree is spreading, the roots are taking a firmer hold in the ground, the branches reach far and wide, bearing clusters of flowers which are surrounded by foliage, typical of beauty and life. He has left the old legends which were so dear to his readers, the allegory no longer charms the pages, and he has produced a practical work for his countrymen which should straighten their biased views and profit them in their new sphere of life. To an extent we have the author's own life in

young Falconberg, and with skill he draws the picture. The other sketches are such complete delineations that we are inclined to believe they are real actors in this drama. No sudden death startles as in the "Tales," or improbable action shocks us. All are presented artfully, which clearly shows that he has tone, "the last result," as one has said, "and surest evidence of an intellect reclaimed from the rudeness of nature."

From Gunnar to Falconberg! The journey has been pleasant. Bright and cheerful, the scenes at first startled the traveler, and the soul was thrilled with admiration. Through glens and bogs and flowery dells, over mountains, plains and limpid water, keeping time to the cadence of so many voices within, we have still been startled, each production so kindling anew the rapturous pleasure, that we would fain wander with him forever. The chapter is closed, the *denouement* has come, and judging from his works, his powers being yet undeveloped, we recognize Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen as a rising genius in American literature.

VOICES.

WE HOPE to become well enough acquainted in the half score interviews we shall have with our subscribers, to get up a hearty good-by, but really we have little more to say now than a bashful "happy to meet you." "We don't know where to begin, but plunge headlong on the chance of coming up somewhere."

Here we are with the January LIT. in our hands. Pardon us while we read a few sentences to you from it: "What is wanted and read on College matters must be short and pithy. Articles of this kind are sent to *The Princetonian*, while the opinion prevails that anything for the LIT. must be of the essay type.

We will not refuse good articles of either type, but we want them interesting and attractive. Besides, a great necessity has been felt for a department in the LIT. for short and sketchy paragraphs, maybe germs of essays or stray facts and fancies, that will be none the less entertaining because short and informal."

Such was the prospectus of the present VOICES. We see no reason for change. Such a plan well carried out must give healthy expression to legitimate College thought on all topics of interest. To this end we ask earnest College men to give us their ideas on their specialties. The alumnus or undergraduate, "poler" or athlete, literary worker or prayer-meeting man, will always find for short, suggestive articles a place in the VOICES.

PRINCETON has determined to try once more her fortunes at the oar. She has decided, notwithstanding the many objections offered to rowing during the winter, to accept the challenge of the University of Pennsylvania, and to contend with that University and Columbia in a race to be rowed on the Schuylkill some time between the 15th and 30th of June. The many obstacles placed in the way of the Boating Association have, to a great extent, been removed. The debt, at the beginning of the year over \$500, now amounts to less than \$100. The argument of expense, so sound when proposed against sending crews to distant places, is removed partly by the short distance to be traveled, but, above all, by the very generous offer made by the University Committee. The unwillingness shown by some of our first oarsmen has been conquered, and now we can rest confident that the best men will be in the boat. The collision between base-ball and boating has been peacefully settled, the nine thinking they have achieved at least one triumph; the crew glad to escape so easily, while the innocent cause of the trouble, no doubt, groans inwardly as the base-hits are made, and longs for the placid bosom of the "Raritan."

In fact, under the present arrangement, there are good reasons why Princeton should row. This contest will test the boating strength of Princeton as compared with other institutions, and it will help to form an annual regatta of these three Colleges, fitted both by the nearness of situation, and the equality of their powers, to contend against each other. Moreover, it will give an impetus and an object to an association which, though we were loth to see die out, we hesitated to enter, since, if we had done so, it would have been against Universities, our superiors not only in waters, but also in numbers, and with whom there was no possible chance of success.

The action of the meeting, however, was but the first step. There must be work, genuine work, by the men who desire to be of the four. They should feel that on them rest the hopes, the very existence of the Princeton University Boat Club; for should disgrace attend this attempt, the future would be dark indeed.

On the other side, too much should not be expected. Three years have passed since Princeton's last race, and to-day not one of the old oars is in College. Comparatively new men must, therefore, be chosen, and of such we should not demand more than an honorable defeat. Let this rather be the starting point from which there may be a steady advance, from which the boating interests may be bettered, and from which we may look to coming years for men, for support, and for all that goes to make rowing successful. No College can win at first. It must wait until the material is improved; but to improve that material, races must be rowed. There must be a stimulus to excite men to work, and nothing will so well give this as contests with other Colleges. Princeton has then taken the right course. How well she may succeed depends, to a great extent, on the members of the crew, and on the aid given them; but if faithful work is done, and a proper interest shown, it may be that victory may crown even the first effort of the Orange and Black. But, however this may be, we feel confident, as we said

before, that this is a step in the right direction, and cannot but result in good.

WE HAVE Latin and Greek during our first two years crowdingly, and spasmodic attacks of German and French later in the course. Thus far and no farther can our linguistic studies go in College.

True, if we choose, we can get a double dose of Greek and Latin by electing them the last two years, but, while other leading institutions open the door to all Oriental literature, we haven't even Hebrew.

As a key to the Semitic languages and the unchanging life of the East, and as a fulfilling of our course in linguistics, Hebrew has, we think, a claim upon our attention. Furthermore, some at least of the Senior electives, are taken by students as pointing more or less directly towards one or other of the learned professions. Other things being equal, prospective M. D.'s will elect chemistry; embryonic lawyers, to a man, will take Woolsey's International Law, and the ministerial fledglings should have at least an optional chance at Hebrew.

Such an elective would make less drudgery in the Junior year at the Seminary, give Princeton men an equal show with men from Colleges where Hebrew may be studied during the whole Senior year, and give the specialist in linguistics a new field in which to indulge his bent. If we cannot have a twelfth elective, may we not, at least, have Hebrew optional during our last year? The year is not crowded with work, and quite a number, even at the risk of being called "The Hebrew Children," are willing to take this study. No University town in our country can furnish men better fitted to teach this branch; give those, then, who wish it, a chance to acquire an elementary knowledge of this branch, and there will not be such a contrast between the Senior year at College, with its hours for desultory reading, outside work, or loafing, and the more than Freshman drudgery of the first year at the Seminary.

THE INTRODUCTION OF TAINE as a text-book is a feature somewhat new in the English course. The wisdom of the act is perhaps questionable. To the student uninterested in the philosophy of literature, the advantage is manifestly great. We cannot realize that an intellect of cultured taste can read a work of such a character, and not be awakened by its fascinating thought into an interest in its subject. On the other hand, to one whose mind is peculiarly centered in matter of that nature, a text-book is undoubtedly troublesome and needless. The student has at length, we trust, attained a point where he can consult his own taste with advantage to himself. To be required, then, to commit sections of a work selected by another is certainly not pleasing, while the variety of his reading is to a certain extent limited by the time requisite for such a committal. As a text book, however, the work is probably well chosen. It is time for the student to pass from the region of facts to that of ideas, from the practical to the philosophical. This want is met in Taine to the fullest extent. His expansive intellect conceives of his subject as a living, completed organism, whose phases of character are seen and portrayed, from the germ in the Saxon forests to the maturity of to-day. It is pre-eminently a philosophical delineation of English literature throughout its whole extensive course. We could at times indeed wish that he had given us a more satisfactory account of the lives whose works and character he discusses so nobly—realizing, as we do, how closely intermingled in our sympathy and appreciation is the writing with its writer. But we are constrained to acknowledge that it would not be in harmony with the aim before him. The encyclopedia is to give us the facts, he is to give us the philosophy of these facts. How excellently he has done so, his readers can well testify.

We would, however, in connection with Taine, recommend for reading a critic less known to the world, but well worthy of the student's attention. *Lowell* is truly American, and as truly a scholar and a thinker. We believe that in reading him a gratifi-

cation will be given altogether beyond expectation. His *critiques* are monographs. The advantage of such a method is obvious. In studying literature as a unified structure, a philosophical theory of the whole is at once advanced. The theory is then, of course, to be sustained throughout. But it takes a clear-sighted and sweeping intellect to catch the essence of such a gigantic structure. A tendency will appear to pass over or misunderstand facts not coinciding with the theory set forth. We fear that Taine, at times, yielded to this tendency. Lowell, by his method, is largely preserved from such a defect; seldom, do we think, it will be noticed in his writings. Again, Taine is a Frenchman; he is thus examining the literature of a blood and nation opposed to his own. Lowell is one in race with Englishmen, but one in nationality with us. The deeper instincts of his race are thus open to his sympathy, but national prejudice or partiality seldom tempt him. His readers will find many ideas and discovered beauties unnoticed by Taine. The meditative but practical Saxon cannot be fully appreciated by the volatile and speculative Franks. Lowell looks upon English literature as we look upon it. He has, too, his own peculiar qualities—qualities which certainly tend to give the reader high pleasure. His use of the metaphor is worthy of elaborate study. We know of no essayist surpassing him in the artistic beauty of this figure. The frequency, variety and perfection of its use is simply marvelous. At times it almost seems to pass into allegory. As we read we are delighted and charmed with the presentation of an idea in a form so adapted to our intellectual character. His thought, moreover, is in a high degree suggestive—a result, in part, of his use of the metaphor. An idea put forth upon literature, seems applicable to subjects often of a nature altogether different; we are led by it out of literature into all knowledge. He is never diffuse in words, a fault very observable in Taine. His thought is compact and clear. His sentences have been said to be rough and uncouth. Certainly such a criticism is not well-considered. We would not have a sculptor

polish his statue to suit the eyes or feet of any insect that may ramble over it. The expression of an idea often demands a certain ruggedness. The more deeply does a thought sink into our being, the less do we notice the form in which it is clothed. Indeed we seem to see in this quality of Lowell the American tact, which seeks a concise and bold expression of its idea. Lowell is a poet, but under the poetic nature is a solid layer of broad wisdom. Such a union gives to his essays a richness and strength seldom found elsewhere. We commend him to the student of literature.

THE CLUB as existing in most Colleges is almost unknown here. A club here usually means an expensive boarding-house, with a student to get the boarders and collect the bills. Why should not the whole management be in the hands of the students? Why should not the leader or steward purchase provision as well as pay bills? Congenial men might then govern their own tables entirely, ordering what they wished, and paying for what they obtained.

There is no good reason why a neighboring College, equally distant from New York and Philadelphia, should be able to report in its catalogue, "The price of board per week [in these clubs] ranges from \$1.75 to \$3." More than fifty students board in clubs, in which the price per week is \$2 or less, while in our catalogue, there being no such clubs here, the price of board is marked as ranging from \$3 to \$6 per week. Let our boarding-houses be so conducted, that those who choose the price they wish to pay will get the whole worth of their money, so that those who choose the quality they are willing to take will pay according to what they receive, and both classes will be better satisfied, while the whole tendency will be towards lower prices.

The cost of board may seem to many a matter of very secondary importance, yet there are few who do not look over the necessary expenses of the catalogue before coming to College,

(those who do not, have parents or guardians who do.) Facilities for cheaper boarding, when demanded, certainly will not lower the standard of culture in our College, and as certainly will open its doors to many who now stay away by reason of expense. That our best institutions are getting steadily expensive, however, is not due to the fact that wealth wishes to monopolize learning. It is because the less-favored classes so often lose their independence on entering College, and ape the rich man's son, wishing to live as he lives, not as they might live, and be as healthy and happy. They cannot seemingly "discriminate between the culture and the luxury" found at a first-class institution of learning.

EDITORIAL.

GOOD-BYE, though it expresses so much of friendship and good will, is a word which must ever bring with it feelings of regret. This we fully appreciated as we read over the farewell speech of the Senior Class, in its editorial capacity; and we take this opportunity of saying a few words in the name of the College, and more especially of our class, to you, our friends from '79.

Dispensing with that well-known article, vulgarly called "taffy," we do, in all sincerity, say that we heartily thank you for all that you have done for the College during the past four years; for your zeal in behalf of its every institution, whether in the department of mind or of muscle; and especially for your support of the *LIT.* during the past, and for the next year. We have had our class rivalries and encounters, but they have served rather to increase our friendship and regard for one another; so that it will be with the fullest approval that we shall e're long hear you called, "the largest and finest class that has ever graduated from our College."

Our special acknowledgments are due to you, the editors whose mantles have fallen upon our shoulders, for your indefatigable and eminently successful efforts in behalf of the *LIT.* You found it a very learned and—we say it with all deference for its able editors from '78—a very dry paper. Without detracting one whit from its learning or its dignity, you have made it bright and racy, a magazine read no longer from a sense of duty, but from a desire for pleasure and profit combined. We have but one request to make of you—that with our “Voices” yours may often be mingled during the coming year.

To you, our classmates, we extend our thanks for the honor you have conferred upon us in placing us in our present position. On our part we promise fidelity to the trust reposed in us; of you we ask that, both by subscriptions and contributions, you will support this paper, which belongs distinctively to you.

Finally, a word with regard to ourselves and our plans, to all our readers. We fully realize the responsibility of our position in taking up the editorship of a magazine which is acknowledged as among the leading College papers. If the *LIT.* had been a failure in the past, we would feel no special anxiety as to its future. Under the present circumstances, however, it is with fear and trembling that we take up, for the first time, our editorial pen. We cannot help feeling distrustful of ourselves and of our ability; and yet we can assure you that if the *LIT.*, during this year, is not kept up to its present standard, it will be because our most unwearied labors could not attain that end. The *LIT.*, as '79 left it, was, in our opinion, so near what it ought to be, that we purpose no alterations of any moment.

Our time for publication, arrangement of departments, &c., will remain the same as during the past year. The most noticeable change is in the color of our externals, which we hope will be pleasing to all.

And now, as we close our little speech, ushering in the thirty-fifth volume of the *NASSAU LIT.*, we again pledge ourselves to do our very best, and ask in advance your pardon for the mistakes that we shall doubtless make.

WE CONGRATULATE the Sophomores upon being the first to experience the benefit of a much-needed change in our present system of examinations. Before the year is out they will thoroughly appreciate the effort of Professor Hunt to lighten their labors, by giving the hardest examination at the end of the second, instead of the third term. We confess that we have never been able to discover the advantages of the method hitherto in vogue. If we are to have written recitations at all, it seems peculiarly fitting that they should be upon the work of the shortest term. Instead of this, at the end of, perhaps, the most important term of the College year, we have only partial, and, in some cases, no examinations at all. Moreover, the exhaustion, both mental and bodily, attendant upon the toilsome labor of reviews and examinations, is really no unimportant consideration. Hard study in the hot days and stifling nights of June, is one continued drain upon the system, already overtaxed, and with no reserve forces to draw upon. We are glad to see this step in the right direction, and trust it is the forerunner of the abolishment of a system whose workings are so unsatisfactory to all concerned.

SOME THOUGHT upon the subject has led us to the conclusion that if we are to touch upon base-ball at all, it would be far better to devote to it a little more space than has been done in the past. To publish the mere scores of the games, as has heretofore been the custom, is just about as unsatisfactory to most of our readers as anything well can be. Hence it is our purpose to give a little more room in the "Olla-Pod." to this branch of College news, during the months of May and June.

We know that in taking this step we are running the risk of calling down upon us the righteous indignation of our esteemed friend, the organ of the S. O. L. A. There are, however, circumstances under which we would be willing to risk even that terrible calamity, and those circumstances seem to exist now. Indeed, we are far from thinking that any apology is needed

for this move; yet it seems proper that our readers should know the reasons for any change, however unimportant, in the workings of the paper. The primary object of the "Olla-Pod." is to furnish to our subscribers the most interesting portion of the general College news; and there certainly is nothing, at this time of year, which is of more interest to the average undergraduate than the base-ball news. It may be urged that it is no longer news when printed in the *LIT.*, as it has already appeared in *The Princetonian*. We have, however, a few subscribers who do not take *The Princetonian*, and, moreover, some of the games will fall at such a time as to be reported first by us. Besides all this, even if the account appeared in both papers, it is far from likely that both reporters would take the same view of the merits of the game; and the very comparison of these views would be a matter of interest. Hence this slight innovation.

IT IS NO uncommon occurrence about College to hear men express the opinion that the *LIT.* is sustained almost entirely by its editors, with occasional contributions from upper classmen. Now, that there should be just cause for the utterance of such an opinion is certainly to be deplored. The *LIT.* is intended to represent, not the talent of a few individuals, but that of the College in general. True, those who are chosen to edit it, are presumably fair representatives of the literary ability of their respective classes; but that is not enough. All should look upon it as furnishing a training and culture which can be obtained neither in College nor in the Halls, and all should take advantage of it as such. It is pre-eminently the field for the exercise of talents which would otherwise find no opportunity for development. Many who are incapable of writing even an average essay upon the subjects furnished by the professors, would shine brilliantly as contributors to the *LIT.*; and none such should neglect it. Various excuses are given by delinquents when approached upon this subject. Some

plead lack of ability, others pressure of College duties; reasons which, in a few instances, are doubtless valid. The greater number, however, are simply indifferent and careless, or unable, through fear of its rejection, to muster courage to hand an article to the editors. For the benefit of these, we will say that, in imitation of the "Lion's Head," whose open mouth contributed so much to the fame of the *Spectator*, we have provided a slit in the door of the LIT. room, which opening will keep the secrets of authorship even from the editors themselves. Others who do not think it in place to contribute unless requested by the editors, are assured that this system of personal solicitation will not be adopted, except as a last resort. There should be no occasion for the performance of this unpleasant duty, accompanied as it is by much ill-feeling on the part of some who seem to think that the request for a contribution necessarily means its acceptance. We accordingly extend an invitation to all in general, and to would-be editors in particular, to begin now to write for the LIT. Don't wait for the editors to ask you, but when you have time and opportunity put into tangible shape your best thoughts and ideas, and, if you are by nature modest, you may be agreeably surprised to find that others place a higher estimate than you do upon such productions.

It is certainly a matter of regret that, in our College course, so little time is devoted to the study of our own literature. To Latin and Greek we give from two to four hours each, to English from one to two. It is both unjust to our professor in the last-named department, to have his time thus limited, and vexatious to those who desire a thorough knowledge of their own language and literature. Our course is a good one, as far as it goes, but it is incomplete. If the excellent lectures enjoyed by the Juniors were begun a year earlier, the last two years could be devoted to the perfection and completion of a course for which we now have so broad a foundation. Under the present system

we barely reach the 19th century with its long array of brilliant writers, and then our studies are cut short; and that, too, before we have even touched upon cotemporary American literature. The fault evidently lies with the trustees, in not transferring Hart's Rhetoric from our curriculum to our entrance requirements. They could thus extend to its proper limits a course which, though excellent in itself, is yet attended with the dissatisfaction that always accompanies a thing well begun, but never finished.

PISTOL PRACTICE may be, and we think is, a very good thing in its place; but that "its place" is not on the campus can scarce be denied. More especially, we feel confident that the museum wing of North College was never built for a pistol target. The drift of these remarks may not be altogether clear to our readers; but the facts that lead us to make them are as follows: Some one (or perhaps more than one) has been indulging in the far from innocent amusement of firing pistol-balls from Reunion into the skylights in the top of the museum. These balls sometimes have sufficient force not only to break through the outer skylights, but also to smash the plate-glass within. This, falling into the museum, endangers both the specimens beneath, and the heads of any who may be there.

There can be no excuse for such uncalled-for destruction of valuable property; and it looks very much like an out-cropping of that wanton vandalism which seems to be latent in many collegians. We sincerely hope, and indeed feel quite sure, that pure thoughtlessness led to this act; and that a knowledge of the amount of annoyance and damage caused will induce the gentleman (or gentlemen) to desist.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

APRIL 21ST—Preliminary Lynde Debate, Whig Hall.

APRIL 22D—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Utica.

APRIL 23D—Walking match on University grounds.

APRIL 24TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Holyokes.....Mass meeting of the College. U. of P.'s challenge to row accepted.....Address by Dr. John Hall in the College chapel.....Young Apollo Club sings Pinafore in the Methodist Church.....Preliminary Lynde Debate, Clio Hall.

APRIL 25TH—Freshman prize speaking, Clio Hall.....Concert by the Instrumental Club and University Quartet at Bridgeport, Conn.

APRIL 26TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. U. of P.

APRIL 27TH—Memorial sermon on Dr. Hodge, in the First Presbyterian Church.

APRIL 28TH—Funeral of Mrs. Dr. Atwater. Students attend in a body.....Competitive debate, Whig Hall.

APRIL 29TH—Spring meeting of the Athletic Association.....Seminole Commencement Day.....Tablets to the memory of the three Alexanders, of Miller, Breckinridge and Hodge, unveiled in Seminary chapel.

MAY 1ST—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Manchesters.....Address by Chancellor Crosby in the College chapel.

MAY 3D—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Yale.

MAY 7TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Manchesters.

MAY 9TH—Inter-Collegiate athletic games at Mott Haven.

MAY 10TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Worcesters.....U. of P. '81 vs. Princeton '81.....'82 vs. Lawrenceville Preps., at Lawrenceville.

N. B. REMICK, '66, is pastor of the Ninth Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y., and editor of a Sunday-school paper called *Light and Life*.

"GOV." DENNISON, '78, is singing Pinafore in Columbus, O.

PERCY PYNE, '78, recently appeared on the campus mounted on a bicycle, and supported by the enthusiastic owner of the "animile," in full costume.

COWAN, '81, has been compelled by ill health to absent himself from town during the present term.

SENIOR SUBSCRIBERS will please leave their addresses with the Treasurer.

LYNDE DEBATORS—Clio Hall, P. J. Hamilton, Ala., A. W. Halsey, N. J., and C. Martin, N. J. Whig Hall, Robert Bridges, Pa., M. G. Emery, D. C., and S. M. Harlow, N. Y.

FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING—Clio Hall, 1st prize, James A. McWilliams, N. Y.; 2d, A. M. Terriberry, N. J.

A FAVORITE CLUB with the base-ballists is the Hotel de Brunswick.

BEWARE OF THE MAN who retails jokes from our exchanges. The unsuspecting editor who admitted him to our sanctum hereby begs your pardon for so doing.

PROFESSOR, TO STUDENT in Natural History—"Mention six animals of the frigid zone." Student, eagerly—"Three polar bears and three seals."

'81 HAVE ELECTED MESSRS. F. Davis, Dodd, Haynes, Jackson, McCoy, Landon and Vanderburgh editors of the *Bric-à-Brac* for 1879-80.

SCENE—English Literature room. *Dramatis personæ*—Prof. H. and Soph. Class. Prof. H.—"Of the two kinds of proof, one kind, probable or moral, has already been mentioned. What is the other?" Mr. S.—"Improbable and immoral." Curtain falls in the midst of applause from the rest of the actors.

THE ADDRESSES by Drs. Hall and Crosby in the College chapel on April 24th and May 1st, respectively, were deeply interesting, and their suggestions most profitable and well timed. Both held the attention of the large audience of students, which greeted them, during the whole time of discoursing; indeed if evident interest is any measure of the extent to which their advice will be followed, the doctors will have many disciples. The thanks of the College are due the Phila. Society for securing the services of men so well fitted to attract the student ear.

OUR YOUNG FRIEND *The Princetonian* is rushing things. One number dated May 1st, and another May 2d. Are we to have a daily?

'79 HAVE DECIDED to have no celebration whatever on Class-day night. Instead, they have instructed the Class-day Committee to obtain and present to the College some suitable gift, the cost to be about \$300.

LYNDE DEBATE JUDGES.—Dr. A. A. Hodge, Mr. Parke Godwin and Prof. Young.

Carmina Princetonia, \$1.30, at 1 N. E. Come down, Peter; no monopoly this time.

THE ANNUAL GYMNASTIC CONTEST will be held May 24th, at 11 A. M. The order of events is as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Rings. | 5. Flying Trapeze. |
| 2. Hat Spinning. | 6. Single Trapeze. |
| 3. Clubs. | 7. Horizontal Bar. |
| 4. Parallel Bars. | 8. Tumbling. |
| 9. Double Trapeze. | |

Prizes will be given for general excellence, for heavy and light gymnastics, for club exercise and proficiency on the parallel bars. The judges will be Taylor, '76, Dunning, '76, and Hartly, '77.

W. F. MAGIE, N. J., has been appointed Valedictorian of the Class of '79.

SENIOR CLASS meeting for Bible Exercise. Presiding Elder to a candidate for the Geo. Poits Bible prize, taking French leave. "Mr. S., did you get up before you left your seat?"

WE HEAR men grumbling about the results of so many of our games with professional nines, and making unfair comparisons with last year's record. We would like to call their attention to the quality of the teams then and now. Only two nines of ability, if that term is allowable, visited Princeton last year, the Brooklyn and the New Bedfords. In the former game the score was 10 to 0, in the latter 14 to 1, and that one a scratch. But this season none but the best of players have been our opponents, and our scores, when this is remembered, compare very favorably with the above records of like contests last year.

COMPETITIVE DEBATE—Whig Hall. Prizeman, J. M. Galbreath; Mention, Conover and Parkhill.

"MOTHER, WHAT does H. M. S. P. stand for." "Be me troth," answered the affectionate mother, "it'll stand for *his mither's spanked Pathrick*, an' ye don't stop pestherin' me with questions."

Now let the old ship sink.

THE FESTIVE SEMINOLE no longer amuses himself (and others) with "duck on davy." The place which once knew him, now knows him no more. He has graduated.

THREE TABLETS, commemorative of the three Alexanders, Breckinridge, Miller and Hodge, were unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on April 28th. Many prominent divines were present, among them the Chaplain of the United States Senate.

DR. PRIME, of the *Observer*, tells a good story of Dr. Alexander, that once upon entering his lecture room he perceived a student seated with his back to the desk. The Dr. said nothing at the time, but prefaced his lecture with the following remark: "Mr. A., in to-day's argument, I prefer to use *a priori* proof, rather than *a posteriori*." Mr. A. took the hint.

A FAVORITE UMPIRE in scrub games rejoices in the title of Br. Pr. P. U. B. B. C.

THE UNANIMOUS VOTE of the mass meeting of April 24th was to accept the U. of P.'s challenge to row. No conditions were mentioned nor were any *ifs* uttered; and we are hereby requested to correct the false impression given by the reporter of *The Princetonian* in its issue of May 1st.

THE CALEDONIANS and the Knights of the Round Table recently met each

other on the bloody sod of the base-ball field back of Witherspoon. The latter were prostrated by a score of 22 to 11.

A NEW TODD'S MANUAL—in French this time and for Freshmen—by Henry Alfred Todd, A. B. Tutor in the College of N. J.

THE CHI PHI FRATERNITY was founded in Princeton in 1824.—*Va. Univ. Magazine*.

FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING—Whig Hall. 1st, George Westervelt, N. Y.; 2d, R. K. Clark, N. J.

SOPHOMORES BEGIN to be troubled with sore eyes, from viewing the approaching biennials.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of the *Carmina Princetonia*, new edition, and tender the compilers our thanks therefor.

THERE IS SOME talk of several of the best gymnasts of Princeton College visiting Baltimore, under the supervision of Prof. Goldie, and giving an exhibition in indoor sports. Since Prof. Goldie has visited Baltimore, he has decided that a good exhibition of indoor sports would greatly take in Baltimore. He has several young Baltimoreans under his tuition, in the College Gymnasium, who are expert gymnasts, and he promises such an exhibition as never seen in Baltimore, should the young men decide to come.—*Balt. Am. and Com. Adv.*

A JUNIOR, who received 98 as a grade in English Literature at Christmas time, was recently heard to inquire if Spenser was an Englishman.

BASE-BALL—UTICA vs. PRINCETON.—On April 22d the opening game at Princeton was played between the Uticas of the National Association and the University Nine. The latter was unusually strong for a first appearance, playing an excellent game, and exciting many hopes of future success. The pitching of Mr. Horton was most effective, the Uticas scoring but two base hits. The game was rather slow, but nevertheless interesting, enlivened by the fielding and batting of Messrs. Duffield and Van Dyke. The playing of the former in right field was unsurpassed by any we have ever seen on our grounds. The game resulted as follows:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| PRINCETON..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1—8 |
| UTICA..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—2 |

HOLYOKES vs. PRINCETON.—On April 24th the Holyokes visited Princeton, and gave us a severe defeat, merited by poor fielding and poorer batting—

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| HOLYOKES..... | 0 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2—11 |
| PRINCETON..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA vs. PRINCETON.—On Saturday, 26th, our first Inter-Collegiate match was played with the University of Pennsylvania, on our grounds. The game was, as usual, promptly called at half-past two,

(which represented two sharp, on the bills,) and turned out to be a contest conducted on an entirely new principle. This principle was multiplicity—multiplicity of errors, of runs, even of umpires. The latter were evenly divided, but though the former balance in our favor, they do not show a very fair record; on the contrary, they are disgraceful even in victory. Carelessness and lack of interest were evident on the part of all, and the weary audience was glad when the three-hour exhibition of errorism came to an end. Appended is the score—

| UNIV. OF PENN. | R. | B. | P. | A. | E. | PRINCETON. | R. | B. | P. | A. | E. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Carter, C..... | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | Wigton, A..... | 3 | 1 | 11 | 1 | 1 |
| Baine, M..... | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Van Dyke, L..... | 5 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Schonberg, H..... | 1 | 2 | 7 | 2 | 7 | Duffield, R..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Braston, F..... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | Horton, F..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| White, B..... | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 7 | Warren, C..... | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Jamison, S..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | Hamill, B..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Hunter, R..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Budd, S..... | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Barnhurst, A..... | 1 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 3 | McCune, M..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Gillespie, L..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Schenck, H..... | 1 | 2 | 10 | 5 | 6 |
| Totals..... | 8 | 9 | 27 | 9 | 30 | Totals..... | 21 | 9 | 27 | 11 | 14 |

Umpires—Mr. Britton, U. of P., '79, and Pitney, P., '79. Time of game—2 h. 40 min.

PRINCETON vs. MANCHESTERS.—One of the best games of the season here was played on Thursday, May 1st. The Manchesters made but one error, and though the score seems to show otherwise, the University also played exceedingly well. The following is the score by innings:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| MANCHESTERS..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0—6 |
| PRINCETON..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

YALE vs. PRINCETON.—The hopes of success, excited by the good playing of our nine in matches with professional teams, were dashed to the ground on Saturday, May 3d, by defeat in a game which it was no honor to win, but terrible disgrace to lose. Play was called at 1.55 P. M., Yale having won the toss, and having sent Princeton to the bat. In the first inning, Van Dyke, Hamill and Warren scored on base hits, while Horton traveled around the bases on errors, making a total of four runs. Yale retired without scoring. The second inning was a blank for both nines. In the third, Princeton again failed to score, but Hutchinson, of Yale, gained first on Budd's error, and succeeded in reaching home. During this inning, while Hamill was at the bat, Watson, Yale's catcher, was disabled, his finger being badly broken. Smith, of the Yale Theological Seminary, took his place and the game proceeded. In the fourth inning Princeton was again blanked, and, by a succession of errors, allowed Yale to overtake them and finally get the lead, the score at the end of this inning being 5 to 4. Again Princeton retired with a cipher, and Yale had no trouble in scoring four more runs on base hits of Walden,

Camp and Ripley, and errors by third, short and catcher. Yale's lead was decreased by two runs in the sixth and two in the seventh, leaving the score at the end of the latter inning 9 to 8. Princeton failed to score during the remainder of the game, while Yale added two each in the eighth and ninth innings, making the final count 13 to 8, in Yale's favor.

The playing for Princeton was done chiefly by Horton and Schenck. The pitching of the former was much superior to that of his opponent, as will readily be seen on comparing the batting records of the two nines. Horton pitched against some of the heaviest hitters Yale has ever sent out, while Lamb faced a nine notoriously weak in this respect. Schenck caught gamely and well, making the catch of the day, in the third inning, by capturing a high foul near the back-stop. Wigton, Hamill and McNair also deserve mention. On the part of Yale, Walden, Parker and Hutchinson are worthy of particular praise. Unusual good feeling prevailed throughout between the visitors and their hosts, and we think neither can complain of the discourtesy and ungentlemanliness too frequently exhibited in Inter-Collegiate contests. The following is the score:

| YALE. | R. | B. | F. | A. | E. | PRINCETON. | R. | B. | F. | A. | E. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Hutchison, S..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | Wigton, A..... | 1 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Parker, C..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | Van Dyke, L..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Lamb, F..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 3 | Duffield, R..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Walden, B..... | 3 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Hamill, B..... | 2 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 1 |
| Hopkins, A..... | 1 | 0 | 17 | 1 | 4 | Warren, C..... | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| Camp, L..... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Horton, F..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Clark, M..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Budd, S..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Watson, H..... | 1 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 8 | McNair, M..... | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Ripley, W..... | 2 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Schenck, H..... | 1 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 5 |
| Totals..... | 13 | 8 | 27 | 19 | 18 | Totals..... | 8 | 7 | 27 | 9 | 20 |

Runs earned—None. First base by errors—Yale, 13; Princeton, 5. First base by called balls—Yale, 0; Princeton, 0. Total called balls—Lamb, 89; Horton, 93. Passed balls—Yale, 5; Princeton, 3. Struck out—on Horton, 7; on Lamb, 4. Left on bases—Yale, 7; Princeton, 2. Time of game—2 hours and 45 minutes. Umpire—Jas. Devlin. Summary by innings:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| YALE..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2—13 |
| PRINCETON..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0—8 |

PRINCETON vs. MANCHESTERS.—On May 7th, the Manchesters again visited Princeton, and gave us another exhibition of superior playing. The feature of the game was a long hit by McNair in the seventh inning, by which he almost obtained a home run.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| MANCHESTERS..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0—3 |
| PRINCETON..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2—2 |

WORCESTER vs. PRINCETON.—On Saturday, the 10th, Princeton received another severe defeat at the hands of the Worcesters. The fielding and bat-

ting of the professionals was very fine, but the home nine played the "same old game," as witness the score.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| WORCESTERS..... | 2 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4-11 |
| PRINCETON..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

UNIVERSITY OF PENNA., '81, vs. PRINCETON, '81.—On the same day, another and a poorer game was played between the Sophomore nines of U. of P. and C. of N. J. The visitors were defeated, but by a "scratch," as it were, the score standing at the middle of the eighth inning 7 to 6, in their favor. After the second man was out, their left-fielder dropped an easy fly, and so demoralized his comrades that their opponents succeeded in making four runs before the third out was scored. But for this error the Penna. boys would probably have carried the ball to Phila. As it was, they were beaten by a score of 15 to 7.

'82 vs. LAWRENCEVILLE.—The same afternoon, '82 visited Lawrenceville and defeated the High School nine by a score of 12 to 6.

THE SPRING MEETING of the Athletic Association was held on Tuesday, April 29th, and, notwithstanding the discouragements consequent upon bad management, and poor attendance, the records of the winners were, for the most part, excellent. The events, and their successful contestants in each, were as follows:

Standing Broad Jump—1st, Larkin, 10 feet $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches; 2d, Black, 9 feet 9 inches. Putting the Shot—1st, Larkin, 34 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 2d, Dodge, 32 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Running High Jump—Cutts, 5 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; Conover, 4 feet 10 inches. Half-Mile Run—Paton, 2 minutes $27\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Pole Vaulting—1st, Waller, 8 feet 11 inches; 2d, Tewksbury, 8 feet 7 inches. One-Hundred-Yards Dash—1st, Smock, 10 2-5 seconds; 2d, Loney. Running Broad Jump—1st, Cutts, 19 feet 6 inches; 2d, Shober, 18 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Standing High Jump—Larkin, Lee and Conover, each 4 feet 4 inches. Two-Hundred-and-Twenty-yards Dash—1st, Smock, $24\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; 2d, Loney, 24 2-5 seconds. Throwing the Hammer—Larkin and Blackwell each 78 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The Hurdle Race was run in two heats, Cutts winning the first and Withington and Landon making a dead heat of the second. These three then ran a final heat, Withington leading, followed by Landon and Cutts. From the above winners Princeton's representatives at Mott Haven were selected.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting May 9th, at Mott Haven. Princeton, though ably represented, was not as successful as in former years. Larkin carried off his usual stock of first prizes, capturing four, while Blackwell, Dodge, Lee and Waller gained second honors. Lack of space forbids further account.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

THE LIT., gentlemen, has changed hands. To those of you who have read the editorials, this announcement may seem unnecessary; but we make it and are willing to abide the consequences. Because of this change, we have thought it not out of place to preface the "College Gossip" with a few remarks upon the success and need of this department; and to lay down the principles upon which, under the present "Board," it shall be conducted. Until within a few years this was an unknown feature in College journalism; but the fact that now in every College paper a large space is devoted to the affairs of other Colleges, and that the interest in this subject is steadily increasing, testifies strongly as to the usefulness and desirability of such a department. The LIT., unlike other publications, does not aim in the "College Gossip" to give merely a bald statement of facts and College events, but rather a chatty, running comment upon the sayings and doings of our neighbors; for home news finds its proper place in the domain of the "Olla-Pod." editor. Yet while making a specialty of news, the "College Gossiper" will not confine himself to it alone. Should he ever feel called upon to notice or herald the approach of any literary productions, to which he may think the "Exchange Ruffian" will not do justice, he will do his duty. When the spirit moveth him, he will speak with all the gravity and solemnity becoming his office. With this brief summary of our views upon this subject, we are ready to begin the Gossip. Our exchanges have been piling up for about a month, and, with your permission, we will proceed to the attack. We begin with our neighbors, the Columbia papers, who are about the liveliest of our exchanges. Of late, they have entered a new and, to many, an untried field. At present, the *Acta* seems to have an all-year job on its hands. The Exchange editor is oiling up the machine and its chief competitors in this line, at least, will be the *Round Table* and the *Niagara Index*, a paper to which, by the way, the former editors of the LIT. were accustomed to refer so touchingly. The facts of the case are briefly these: Not long ago, in the exchange department of the *Acta*, appeared some remarks upon southern Colleges, their peculiarities, use, etc. To say that they "took" is expressing it mildly. The Southern heart was "fired." These remarks were reprinted in the *University Magazine*, and, unlike many reprinted articles in College papers, were credited to their author. In explanation, we suppose, of this somewhat obsolete custom, there appeared an editorial, entitled "*Acta Columbiana* vs. Southern Colleges," in which the unfortunate exchange editor was metaphorically knocked down, mauled, and finally dragged out by the heels; and at the

present time he is being kicked by every College paper from Virginia to Texas. But the *Acta*, never daunted, and not content with one good-sized fight on its hands, proceeds, in the next number, to stir up College papers in general, and especially our western contemporaries. The style of the article is similar to that on Southern Colleges, and is written by the same editor—that hardened exchange man. The College papers are called “half-horse and half-alligator productions,” and the western ones are “filled with a literature bordering on the trashy.” Out of the multitudinous “institutions” of the prolific West it marks the University of Michigan for its first victim, and of it says, “We confess to having the very faintest idea of its whereabouts beyond the vague impression that it is a sort of State affair whose expenses are provided for, along with those of the jails, lunatic asylums and poor-houses, and whose curriculum is yearly tinkered by the learned hayseed legislators of Michigan.” Now really this is getting interesting, and we are waiting patiently for the next batch of Western papers. Let the band play. We always enjoyed *witnessing* “a rough-and-tumble fight,” but in the wildest dreams of boyhood never had we imagined such a height of happiness as listening to an Inter-Collegiate Jawing Match.

In concluding our remarks upon the *Acta*, we would say that this I. C. J. M. promises to be about the longest-lived “Inter-Collegiate” that we have ever seen, not even excepting the already famous Press Association, over which the *Spectator* is so excited. But heinous as the *Acta*’s conduct may appear to some, yet, in our eyes, it is venial, compared with that of the *Spectator*. The different College papers had been getting along very well with each other. The *Cornell-I-yell Era* had become too hoarse to be heard. The *Index* was busily engaged in a billingsgate contest with a Mo. paper, and, as usual, coming out victorious. The *Tablet* was resting on its honors acquired in the late difficulty with the Faculty. The *Courier* was prattling over the evils of chewing tobacco—or gum—and the “pure cussedness” of a student who is a poor penman and brags about it. The *Acta* was peacefully employed in composing parodies on Pinafore, and weaving the red rag which was so soon to be shaken in the faces of our Southern brethren. The *Advocate* and *Lampy* were reveling in the prospects of co-education. The *Crimson* was manfully trying to stiffen up the backbone of the Nine—a mournful task—but “while there’s life there’s hope;” and the *Courant* was explaining to the world in general; why the team that played such a rough game, you know; the nine that batted so strong, you know; and the crew that pulled so hard, you know, didn’t “pan out” so well last year when the “rub” came. While we say all were thus pleasantly occupied, (except, of course, the *Oberlin Review*, whose principal duty in this world seems to be to attend to every one else’s business,) the *Spectator*, prompted by some evil genius, proposes the idea of an Inter-Collegiate Press Association. Instantly, everything was in confusion. Jokes, puns, remarks, suggestions and criticisms were hurled at the unfortunate *Spectator*. The former editors of the *LIT.*, in the goodness of

their hearts, exposed the hollow mockery of this scheme. To them we return our thanks. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of the bird." The last number of the *Spectator* publishes some of the comments made upon this "Association" by the College journals. The Yale papers are shy of it. Harvard is dignified, and, as far as we can see, doesn't even mention it. In contrast with this heartless behavior, the unanimity with which the Western and Southern papers declare in its favor, is really surprising. Their editorial pages are just crowded with "suggestions" as to how it should be managed, and where it should meet. In this last particular the *College Mercury*—which "is heartily in favor of the proposition"—but whose suggestion is unaccountably omitted in the *Spectator's* list of opinions, especially distinguishes itself by remarking that, "Cincinnati seems about the most central point. The selection of this place would also allow so many of the Southern College editors to attend." Now we are sure the *Mercury* meant kindly when it made this "suggestion." It undoubtedly exchanges with all the Southern papers, and, of course, perceives that it would be a deed of Christian charity for some one to assemble those editors and give them a few ideas upon the subject of running a paper. Though the intentions of the *Mercury* may be good, yet we are afraid the Southern editors will scarcely look upon it in that light. They are a little "touchy," and very likely think they can take care of themselves.

WE WISH TO BE EXCUSED from dwelling at any length upon athletics. In the present state of our feelings we cannot do justice to this engaging topic. In base-ball, Yale and Brown have beaten Harvard. This seems to be the foot-ball season in the West. Racine, Ann Arbor, Washington, Jefferson and many other Colleges, are playing with great vigor. We hasten to lay before our friends the first poem composed by the present Freshman Class. We discovered it in that lucky *Oberlin Review*. It is written by "Emile, '82;" whether a Fresh man or woman, we can't say. We beg pardon for our ignorance, but we haven't an Oberlin catalogue handy. Lack of space alone keeps us from quoting the entire poem; we will, however, give the most affecting part, viz., the first stanza:

"And will you still be ever true,
My love, when I am gone?"
A look of wonder filled the eyes,
See murmured, "True? Oh, John!"

At this stage of the game, "John" collapses. The poem proceeds, ending plaintively with the following lines:

"Yet oft a dull pain gnaws my heart—
A vague and nameless ache."

Now, indeed, "John" is very modest, but the inference is readily drawn, "Vague and nameless;" yes, my child, we appreciate your feelings, for long ago we had a similar experience, and the only advice we got upon the subject was that of the family physician, who said, "Never eat watermelon so early in the season."

EXCHANGES.

WITH PLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS, disturbed by many misgivings, we assume the critical quill. We feel that our office is one of peculiar delicacy. To present a review of the literary portion of the College press, and to do so with perfect fairness, both to our readers and to our exchanges, we esteem a task not easily performed. While endeavoring to fulfill our duty in this respect, it will be our aim to indicate, as well, the general spirit of College journalism; and we hope that, in doing so, we shall not expose ourselves either to the charge of prejudice, or to that of partiality.

The first periodical to fall into our hands was the *Niagara Index*. We opened and read:

"How terrible the loss of sight,
The deadness of the eye;
To live in perpetual night,
And living thus, to die!
How sad to list to voice of song,
To tones of fervent pray'r,
And yet therein to vainly long
With deadened eye to share."

Mother of Moses! What does the *Index* mean? By what process of sensation, reflexion, self-consciousness or anything else, can a man long with his eyes, and especially when those eyes are "deadened?" And so it drones on to the end of the column. Of poetasters we have often heard, and much trashy poetry has come under our notice, particularly during the last week or two, but such utterly worthless stuff as this is beneath even the *Niagara Index*. Why does every College journal think it necessary to print a string of verses in every number? When really good poetry is handed to the editor, of course it should be inserted, and our feminine and bi-sexual acquaintances could not exist without a periodical effusion of soft nothingness; but against the regular consumption of a set space with nonsense which only bores the reader, we enter our earnest protest. The *Index* is clumsily edited and disgracefully printed. No other paper we have received, not even the *Vanderbilt Austral*, presents a worse appearance. Outside the Exchange department there is no trace whatever of the ready piquancy necessary to a successful College journal. It speaks very ill for the educational facilities which it represents.

It is a relief to turn from the inflated and half illegible columns of the *Index* to the carefully prepared pages of the *Yale Lit.* The new board have established themselves firmly on the reputation of their predecessors, and seem likely to sustain it fully. "A New Factor," with which their first number

begins, contrasts the fiction of the old and new schools. The author makes a mistake, in our opinion, when he asserts "truth of workmanship" to be subordinate, in the public estimation of the higher novels, to psychological discussion of character. They appear to us to stand in exactly the opposite relation. "A Literary Exodus" treats of a new tendency in popular fiction. Both these essays give evidence of able thought and considerable familiarity with their themes. "Peter the Great" is a finely written oration—a vivid presentation of an old subject. As we read it, we imagined Mr. Elsing's stentorian voice sounding it in our ears, and the blood was stirred within us as it has not been for many a day. "The Romance of San Miguel" we thought the poorest contribution in the number. The style is easy, but lacks finish, and the idea is incomplete. One is continually expecting an occurrence which never occurs. The "Notabilia" and "Portfolio" are sprightly, and the whole has that rare, though necessary quality, unity.

IF THE *Hamilton Lit.* possesses this quality at all, it is only a unity of prosiness. The minds of the Hamiltonians appear to be lost in admiring contemplation of the honored fathers of their country, and in the collection of statistics relative to the alumni of their institution. At least, this is the sort of matter that engrosses the aforementioned periodical. Then, by way of light reading, we have a succession of faulty pentameters concerning the silver wedding of a certain Mr. Gridley; and "Reminiscences," an unsuccessful effort at relating in a funny manner something that was not worth the relation. It is wholly wanting in the brilliant characterization, which alone can redeem such an attempt from flatness. The bit on Longfellow's love for children deserves a better setting; but, with this single exception, the whole issue is remarkable for nothing but insufferable dullness.

AFTER quoting a portion of the verbal castigation it received from the *LIT.* last month, the *Columbia Spectator* has the unparalleled cheek to insinuate that the writer had nothing to do with it anyway. In order that even the dull comprehension of the *Spectator* may be penetrated by an idea of the truth, we take the pains to state explicitly that we are not in favor of the proposed Inter-Collegiate Press Ass. We feel fully competent to carry our own burden without being bothered with so refractory an animal; and as for bearing those of our neighbors, we do not yet love them sufficiently. Moreover, the Society for the Suppression of Vice at other Colleges has of late claimed so large a share of our funds, that we do not feel able to send delegates to improve their literary condition. For the matter of giving our opinion, we had much rather perform that duty through this department, as a personal interview with some of our exchanges might result very unpleasantly for some one. If, however, a thoroughly experienced journalist be wanted to "coach up" some of those aspiring Western infants, this is undoubtedly the shop to apply at. All work guaranteed, and terms low.